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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

ITALY; BY LADY MORGAN.

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There is no country on the face of the habitable globe that is connected with so many associations of taste and feeling, of fancy and reflexion, as Italy. Lovely in the fables of antiquity; wildly grand and wonderful in her early history; universal in the sway of her middle ages; dazzling in the splendour of her mid-day power; affecting in the long twilight of her decay; again imposing, and perhaps more than ever so, to the inquiring mind, in the Gothic darkness of the night which succeeded to all her glories; and trebly interesting in the sweet refulgence which reviving intellect threw over even the ruined images of her former greatness—ideas of the energy, the brilliancy of her mental character, are inseparably united in our minds with corresponding images of her cloudless skies, her luxuriant valleys; her mountains, presenting all that is magnificent in nature; her cities, containing every thing that is valuable in art. Hence is this charming country described and re-described, and every description of it perused and re-perused with an eagerness which requires not novelty of theme to increase the pleasure we derive from comparing one account with another, and all of them with either our own actual experience or previous conceptions on the subject. There is, however, one province of delineation throughout the world which must ever present novelty, for by every eye it will be differently viewed, according to the light in which it may have been contemplated; by every hand be differently traced, according to the feeling, as well as the execution of the artist who may use the pencil—we mean the delineation of human nature. Hence, if Italy, as a country, could ever cease to interest, Italy, as a people, must still claim our at-

tention as long as we are concerned in what befalls our fellow creatures, and in the effect of such human institutions, and variations of outward circumstances, as all nations are exposed to, and which therefore all nations ought to know. In this point of view there are few modern tourists who will be found to draw more amusing pictures than lady Morgan.

Susa is styled by lady Morgan "the first stage in the theory of agreeable sensations;" and to those who are, most likely, still congratulating themselves as they enter it, on their safe descent from the cloud-capped mountains under whose shadow it lies, we wonder not at its appearing so.

Turin, the smallest royal capital in Europe, being only three miles in circumference, she terms a little city of palaces; at the time of the French invasion it contained an hundred and ten churches, all splendidly endowed, and rich in marbles, pictures, and other precious objects. Still, amidst all its beauties, it has "the fault of incompleteness;" its noblest palaces are to be seen partly unfinished, and partly in ruins; an epitome of the general state of Italian villas, as well royal as noble; being for the most part, vast, desolate, dreary, and neglected. *Sight-seeing* scarcely begins at Turin, but the library is very extensive, and the biblical treasures it contains are immense. Lady Morgan saw there the famous *Golden Bull of Trebizond*, respecting which she remarks that the diplomacy of it "is as unintelligible as if it proceeded from that British minister whose *bulls* are not *always golden*."

It would be an injustice did we omit to notice in this place the honourable conduct of the French with respect to the library at Milan, only two works from which they took away; one a Polyglott Bible, the other a Hebrew tract; for both of which they left written acknowledgements, and both of which were returned. From the cabinet of me-

dals, one of the richest in Italy, they took not, nor even displaced, a single coin. Mr. Eustace's lamentations over their spoiliations are therefore somewhat misplaced, as well as his censures of them for turning the "Lord's Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, in the convent of the Dominicans, into a target for the soldiers to fire at;" the whole story of which is declared by the author of "Italy," to be without foundation, as the picture is without injury, save and except that which the Monks themselves have inflicted on it, by cutting a door through the legs of the principal figure, which is that of Our Saviour, in order that, by making a nearer communication with the kitchen, the abbot's dinner might be served up hotter in the refectory, than it could be if suffered to pass through the cloisters!

Notwithstanding the close copying of French manners which has long characterized Turin, an affectation, or we would say admiration of English habits, is much diffused among its politer circles at this period: our literature is sedulously cultivated by many of the young persons, and lady Morgan was presented with Italian translations of *Lalla Rookh* and *Childe Harold* the day before she left Turin; the general society of which appears, from her account, intelligent, liberal, and courteous.

The Duomo of Milan, which, begun by the usurper Visconti in the 14th century, was finished in the 19th by Bonaparte, who used to gaze on it when he first arrived in that city, with unsatiated delight, is described by lady Morgan with all that felicity of expression which, in matters that touch her heart or fancy, is peculiarly her own. The architecture, which is mixed Gothic, she leaves to the cavils of the virtuosi, and describes it only as she saw it, in the radiance of the mid day sun: its masses of white and polished marble, wrought into such elegant fillagree as is traced

on Indian ivory by Hindoo fingers; its slim and delicate pinnacles tipped with sculptured saints, and looking (all gigantic as it is) like some fairy fabric of virgin silver, dazzling the eye, and fascinating the imagination. Its interior solemnity is represented as finely opposing its outward lustre; and the effect of the contrast was heightened by the splendid procession of the chapter, with their archbishop at their head, issuing from the choir; and the more affecting, though less imposing one, of the viaticum borne to some dying sinner, whilst the imperial guards turned out and carried their arms as it went forth, and those who were passing by stopped and knelt with uncovered heads. Lady Morgan justly observes, that "the bold daring of the first reformers is only to be estimated in Catholic countries, in the midst of those imposing forms to which the feelings so readily lend themselves, and from which the imagination finds it so difficult to escape.

After the *Duomo* comes the Theatre of the *Scala*, as next in the admiration and affection of the Milanese. The count de Stendhal, who seems to have travelled with breathless haste and anxiety from one theatre to another throughout Italy, has left nothing for other tourists to say on this, which can boast of never using in a second piece, scenes that have been already exhibited in another, and of having 1685 dresses made for one ballet; but Stendhal has described nothing belonging to it, as Lady Morgan describes the ballet of the *Vestale*; and we doubt not, but that the effect of it is as powerful on a people so alive to, and so skilled in the language of gesticulation, as any of their best written tragedies. "Signior Vigano, the principal ballet-master, is the Shakespeare of his art; and with such powerful conceptions, and such intimate knowledge of nature and effect as he exhibits, it is wonderful that, instead of composing ballets, he does not write epics. The Italian ballet always differed from every other, and seems to have been the origin of the modern melodrame. It borrows its perfection from causes which may be said to be not only physical, but political. The mobility of the Italian muscle is well adapted to the language of gesture,

which breaks through even their ordinary discourse; while a habit of distrust, impressed upon the people by the fearful system of *espionage*, impels them to trust their thoughts rather to a look or an action, than to a word or a phrase." There is a private theatre at Milan, supported with much spirit and considerable expense, chiefly by the second class of society; which in Italy, as in our own and most other countries, we believe, appears to comprise a large proportion of all that is valuable in the national character. The government of the *Cisalpine Republic* made a present of this theatre to some theatrical amateurs, who gave it the title of *Teatro Patriotic*; and chose the finest productions of their native Muses, in which to display their talents. It is at present termed *Teatro Filodrammatico*, and the pieces played in it are limited to such as have passed the ordeal of the censor; but its performances still remain in sufficient perfection to gratify the most fastidious judges. Several noblemen in Milan have entered into an association for the encouragement of Italian comedy; and in tragedy, the number of living geniuses that have already proved their talents, is sufficient to give celebrity to the age, had they a *free atmosphere* to write in; but Pellico, one of the most highly gifted among them, is in solitary confinement, in the dungeons of the police of Milan, on suspicion, as is alleged, though from all accounts without foundation, of being connected with the *Carbonari*. The best pieces of Monti are forbidden; and Niccolini is obliged to publish his works in England, because their tone of sentiment is not agreeable to the "*ears polite*" of existing authorities in Italy.

The grand works of art which were begun, and many of them finished, in Milan, by the French, we have not space enough to enter into any description of; but it is with some reluctance we turn from the triumphal arch, which, though left since 1814 in a state of "incompleteness," to which Italian eyes are too well used to be shocked at, was yet the means, by the drawings and plans, the decorations and statuary commanded for it, of raising a school of sculpture in Lombardy, and bringing forward aspiring

genius, with a rapidity equal to that with which the most astonishing projects were conceived and executed by him, whose mighty march, too often to be tracked by blood, was likewise at times marked by public benefits, and the application of gigantic efforts to the convenience and gratification of social life. Such efforts are, the *Simplon*, where all is now rendered easy and safe, which was once difficult, dangerous, and terrible to contemplate; such would have been the splendid arch which was meant to terminate with becoming dignity that magnificent road; and such is the arena, or circus, raised for the purpose of celebrating national festivities, and capable of containing thirty thousand spectators. "Much of the taxes complained of under the French regime, were expended on works of this description, by which the wealth taken from the few was distributed among the industrious many, and it is further to be remarked that, notwithstanding the largeness of the sums so taken, they have left the Milanese nobility by far the richest body in Italy. The system which accompanied these impositions, opened to the nobles new, more efficient, and more legitimate sources of wealth, than those which the old regime offered. They are now agriculturalists, manufacturers, speculators, and spread their vast capital, formerly hoarded in chests, over the whole country; resembling in this particular the free citizens of ancient Milan, from whom they are descended. We have it on the testimony of the noblest amongst them, that they have considerably increased their revenues by this abjuration of aristocratic prejudices; which has given, at the same time, a full play to their extensive pecuniary means, and to their native and natural intelligence."

Altogether Milan appears to be in a high state of mental improvement. Several of her nobility eagerly visited England, as soon as the peace of 1815 removed the obstacles to their doing so before, and whilst they mingled in the evenings in our most refined and fashionable circles, they devoted their mornings to the most active inquiries into all our arts and establishments, by which they might hope to benefit their native country at their return. From England,

count Confaloniere took the plan of the Lancastrian system of education, which was scarcely mentioned at Milan when "an association was formed for carrying it into execution, and the descendants of the Visconti, Trivulzi, Ubaldi, Lamber-tenghi, Litta, Borromeo, and Carafa—names that sounded so fierce and feudal in old Italian story, so often opposed in contest, or ranged in deadly feud—were here united, to spread that light among the people once so jealously withheld, and which even the fathers of these men would have denied, as dangerous to social order." The increasing influence of education is felt proportionably among the higher classes of Milan, and more especially among the females, hitherto so uncultivated, so immured in their early youth, and of consequence, so idle, and so intriguing, under the sanction of matrimony, in their riper years. Equal to count Confaloniere in patriotism and science, count Porro must be mentioned as one of the chief ornaments of Milan, the best society of which he gathers together at his weekly dinners;—and be it known to all whom it may concern, that, from lady Morgan's account, an Italian dinner is a very exquisite thing; whereas most of our travellers represent the Italians as scarcely dining at all. This nobleman, in conjunction with count Confaloniere, has literally introduced new light from England into his native country; exhibiting his house splendidly illuminated with gas, to the great admiration of the Milanese in general.

"The class which immediately succeeds the high aristocracy, under the name of *Cittadini*, (once a noble distinction in Milan, for which feudal princes sued,) includes the whole of the liberal professions, the small landed proprietors, and even a sort of little nobility, which, with the title of *Don*, or *Donna*, prove the rank of their family to have originated with the Spanish power in Lombardy. Between this class and the aristocracy there was formerly a barrier, which none passed without the penalty of *loss of cast*. The late republican government cut through it boldly, and the emperor Napoleon treated the Italian prejudices on this subject with ineffable and avowed contempt. With this

large, well-educated, and most respectable class, it is extremely difficult for foreigners to become acquainted. The nobility of Italy now, almost exclusively, do the honours of the nation. The *Cittadini* keep back in dignified reserve, under the consciousness of the revived disqualifications which legitimate restoration has imposed on them."

French is universally spoken at Milan, and in great purity. Italian is only spoken when strangers from other parts of Italy are present, and Milanese is the language of familiar life, with all classes. To speak with the Tuscan accent, is supreme *mauvais ton*, and savours of vulgar affectation.

From Milan lady Morgan conducts us to Como, the streets of which she describes as dark, narrow, and filthy; its environs the haunts of smugglers, and the quarters of the Austrian soldiers, who are kept there in large and oppressive bodies, to prevent, if possible, their illicit negotiations. "But whatever are the internal defects of Como, however gloomy its streets and noxious its atmosphere, the moment that one of the little boats which crowd its tiny port is entered and pushed from the shore, the city gradually becomes a feature of peculiar beauty in one of the loveliest scenes ever designed by nature." Along a part of the shore of the lake, a long line of spacious and beautiful road has been opened; sometimes walled, sometimes vaulted; always banked in from the incursions of the water, and secured, at vast expense and labour, from the falling-in of the heights impending over it. "This noble work has provided, at the end of centuries, a drive for the accommodation and pleasure of the Comasques, along that part of their lake (still the only part accessible to a carriage;) and though it has not yet reached its intended extent, it is still a great public benefit, and is now the *Corso* of the little capital." "On one side of the noble road which owes its existence to her munificence, a plain marble slab informs the passenger that this causeway was raised by a princess of the house of D'Este, Caroline of Brunswick. But generations yet unborn, destined to inhabit the districts of Como, will learn with gratitude, that the first road opened on the banks of their

beautiful lake, was executed in the 19th century, by a queen of England."

We can scarcely follow lady Morgan through PAVIA, without pausing at the CENOSA, "one of the most interesting and most magnificent of Italian churches and monasteries;" at any rate, if we pass by the dazzling splendour of its temple, and all its concomitant buildings, we may be allowed to turn for a moment to its cloisters, where all is simple, solemn, and stamped with monastic gravity and sequestration. "Behind a noble fabric, once occupied by the prior, and reserved for the reception of strangers and pilgrims of rank, are the cloisters, incruited with tracery and relieves in terra-cotta, and serving as a portico to twenty-four isolated houses. These were the cells of the monks: each cell has two rooms, a little garden with a fountain and marble seat. A wheel on the outside turned to receive their food; for there was no communication between the brethren, except in the church. In one of these cells we remained for nearly an hour. It was precisely as its last inhabitant had left it, thirty years before. There was something melancholy in the pains he had bestowed in his little garden, of about thirty or forty feet in circumference; he had painted, or otherwise ornamented, every stone in the high wall: he had decorated his little fountain till it resembled a child's toy. The walk was a mosaic; and the profusion of flowers, now wild and degenerated, which sprung up amidst the high grass and matted weeds, evinced how much he was thrown upon this sad and circumscribed recess for occupation. There was a fine fig-tree in fruit in one corner, which he had probably left a *slip*."

At the wretched village and unaccommodated post-house of *Voltagio*, the sleeping stage between Pavia and Genoa, the stranger first feels that he is about to take leave of the improved civilization of Italy; and the sad sight of the galley-slaves at the gates of Genoa, once so free, so renowned, so proud, with the mockery of *LIBERTAS*, the motto of the state, engraved on the iron fetters which manacled their ankles, afforded too speaking a lesson, that the spirit and meaning of

the word was not to be looked for in further advancement towards the papal dominions:

We cannot linger with Lady Morgan as we would wish in the now deserted palaces, which had "Reubens for their historian, the DORIA, the DURAZZI, the FIESCHI, of old, for their masters, and emperors and kings for their guests;" nor can we here trace with her the causes of the decay which is spread through the very vitals of this once superb city, of which it might literally be said "her merchants are princes;" but most assuredly we can agree with her in opinion that the restoration of it to any thing like its former splendour is not to be effected, in the present day, by reviving every absurd ceremonial and exhibiting every pretended relic of papal superstition, and filling the streets with the lowest and worst description of mendicant monks, who at once impoverish and corrupt the people. During the Revolution, a society of Capuchin nuns were pensioned by the French, their order abolished, and their vast monastic palace turned into a cotton manufactory, which promised to be productive of great prosperity to Genoa, and of desirable employment to the lower classes of her population. At the instigation of the queen of Sardinia, however, three hundred industrious manufacturers have been turned adrift with their families to make way for four old nuns, who, being all that remained of their community, were reinstated in their wilderness of a convent, whence they daily sallied forth in couples, in their cloistral habits, with sacks on their shoulders, which were generally well filled by the pious with provisions before they went back, for the necessities of the convent.

The procession of the "*Sagra Macchina*," or "*Casaccia*," has been revived by the king of Sardinia in all its absurdity. It consists of drawing a Madonna or crucifix about the streets, on a wooden stage, with as much riot and noise as can well be made, whilst on one side a black Christ, and on another a white one, of gigantic dimensions, were carried by such as were strong enough, both in body and purse, to procure the honour. "*Viva Christo bianco!*" "*Viva Christo moro!*" are

the cries raised alternately by the respective parties, who not unfrequently end their claims to superiority by contention and blows. "We arrived," says Lady Morgan, "just in time to lose the *Casaccia*. The streets were still crowded and tumultuous, though the procession was over. A man not having sufficient money to purchase the honour of carrying the crucifix, had torn his wife's gold ear-rings out of her ears, on her refusing to sell them, to raise the money. She was seen flying through the streets, with her face covered with blood, and followed by friends, who openly avowed their intended vengeance upon the perpetrator of this barbarous act." Well may a government that can sanction and encourage such exhibitions as these choke up every channel that might comment on their absurdity and baneful effects.

Three gentlemen of the noblest names and largest fortunes in Genoa, applied to the Sardinian government for permission to publish a journal, of which they themselves undertook to be the editors. After many months of deliberation, leave was granted, on condition that the said journal should not touch, *even remotely*, upon politics, morals, or religion, and that it should be subjected to the inspection and revision of three royal Piedmontese censors extraordinary. It is needless to say that the design was abandoned to the royal Piedmontese Censors altogether.

Piacenza, or *Placentia*, the City of Pleasantness, looks, according to Lady Morgan's account, like the "City of the Plague." "To judge by its silent empty streets and dismantled edifices, it seemed to have been swept by pestilence, or depopulated by famine." A dinner has not been given in this ducal city within the memory of man, except by the Marchese di Mandelli, whose table is always open to such as have none of their own. Pliny has asserted that in his time men lived in Piacenza to the age of a hundred and forty; Lady Morgan seems to think it would be desirable to die somewhat sooner, if there was no other mode of escaping from its dark walls; and she does not seem to think PARMA much more animating. But at Bologna we have a very different picture presented to our view.

"There was always a portion of Italy which, under the name of *The four Legations*, was remarkable for perpetuated prosperity, and the best and first of these states was the *olognese*, which, in a moment of exigency, rather accepted of the Pope's formidable name as a protection, than submitted to his sway. This ancient republic struck us to be one of the states of Italy which best deserved a free government, and to be the most determined to obtain it. As we approached Bologna, the vintage was in all its splendid activity; every step was a picture—the sky was Claude's—the foliage was Poussin's—the groupings were Tenier's. Those gloomy and ruinous buildings in which the peasantry herd in Italy, even in the beautiful Milanese, were here replaced by cottages of English neatness, environed by more than English abundance; and gardens of natural fertility, vineyards dressed like flower-knots, and a population the most joyous and active, gave assurances of that equal distribution of the gifts of Providence, which best

"Justifies the ways of God to man," and is the consummation of all that philosophy can dream, or philanthropy can desire.

"The sale of the considerable church-wealth of Bologna, during the Revolution, has greatly multiplied those little landed proprietorships which make the blessing of a free country, and lighten the chain of an enslaved one; and it has raised up an agricultural population, whose thriving industry every where enriches and adorns the land, and banishes the groupings of want and mendicity.

"The city of BOLOGNA, discernible from afar by its curious leaning towers and high antique spires, reposes at the base of the Apennines, in a situation rich, beautiful, and picturesque. Villas and villages form its suburbs. The singular arcade, leading to the celebrated church of the Madonna, crowning its green hill of pilgrimage, produces a singular effect; and those long lines of arches and columns which front every fabric, and for which Bologna is so noted, present a striking perspective. As we entered the city, a little before the Ave-Maria, (that canonical hour

when the day's occupations all hasten to conclusion) rural bustle and rural noise still prevailed in the streets.

"The last vibration of the Ave-Maria bell was tinkling—the last sun-light was fading from the bending tower of the Assinello; the shadows of the arched porticos deepened, and the miracles and processions, painted in fresco on the walls of convents and monasteries, (for a moment visible) sunk rapidly in the sudden gloom which terminates Italian twilight. The joyous sounds of the vintage had died away, and were succeeded by the solemn silence, the cloistral sobriety of the learned Bologna of the middle ages—the retreat of studious abstraction and of monastic severity. As the evening advanced, and the moon rose, the tinkling of guitars was heard; the imagery of Shakspeare's plays (one scarcely knew why) was recalled, and when we returned to our hotel, the "Ciechi," a delightful band of blind musicians, who play for hire in the streets of Bologna till midnight, were assembled to hail other travellers, as well as ourselves, at the Pellegrino, and to symphonize a supper which would have done credit to a Parisian restaurateur. Our first impressions of Bologna were all gracious prophecies of the future, and the first day was the last in which we were permitted to call or to feel ourselves strangers there."

Great efforts have been made, by the secret intrigues of the hierarchy, to restore the Dominicans in Bologna; but it seems that, although the Bolognese have patiently submitted to see their streets crowded with Capuchins, Franciscans, and other mendicant friars, they are determined to resist the revival of this order, which they detest above all others. In Bologna, as in every other town in Italy, the favourite shop for all kinds of ornaments and luxuries, is filled with French productions, and is the fashionable lounge of the *elegantes* of the place. Its own manufactures—its soaps, cards, paper and sweetmeats, even its crapes, are no longer in request; and the proprietor of one of the most thriving manufactories complained that trade in Italy was at an end: every thing is supplied by the French—except, we suppose,

credulity and money, which are most likely furnished by the English.

The Institute of the Arts and Sciences is a vast edifice, and includes an observatory, a laboratory, cabinet of natural history, of antiquity, sculpture, &c. &c. Its library is celebrated for the quantity of its original manuscripts and scarce editions; also for the Book of Esdras, traced by the holy hand of the author, and long buried under the altar at St. Petronius, with the head of St. Dominick. "This valuable MS. is said to have been presented by some Jews to the Grand Inquisitor of Bologna, in 1100. It was probably offered as a bribe, to save the property or the lives of the persecuted donors from the rapacity or zeal of the church. The holy book is written on a long roll of leather, and may be read by the yard." On one of the library tables were placed, by odd association, a Suetonius, the first book printed in Italy, and the last number of the Edinburgh Review.

Lady Morgan was fortunate enough to visit this Institute in company with its librarian, the celebrated Abate Mezzofante.—"Conversing with this very learned person, on the subject of his 'forty languages,' he smiled at the exaggeration, and said, though he had gone over the outline of forty languages, he was not master of them, as he had dropped such as had not books worth reading. His Greek master, being a Spaniard, taught him Spanish. The German, Polish, Bohemian and Hungarian tongues, he originally acquired during the occupation of Bologna by the Austrian power; and afterwards he had learned French from the French, and English by reading, and by conversing with English travellers. With all this superfluity of languages, he spoke nothing but Bolognese in his own family; with us he always spoke English, and with scarcely any accent, though I believe he has never been out of Bologna. His turn of phrase, and peculiar selection of words, were those of the "Spectator," and it is probable he was most conversant with the English works of that day. The Abate Mezzofante was professor of Greek and Oriental languages under the French; when Buonaparte abolished the Greek professorship

Mezzofante was pensioned off; he was again made Greek professor by the Austrians, again set aside by the French, and again restored by the Pope."

Italy has produced more learned women than any part of Europe, and Bologna has retained them longest, and venerated them most of any of the Italian republics. Many of their portraits are to be seen in the anti-room of the library: one of them, the late Signora Clotilda Tamborini, was, at the time of her death, joint professor of Greek, with the Abate Mezzofante, who warmly eulogised the amiable qualities of her heart, as well as her profound learning; and among the others were to be found Professors of Physic, and Lecturers on Anatomy, at no distant date.

The gallery of the Institute, though one of the smallest, is said to be one of the most excellent and best arranged of any in Italy. The frames of many of the pictures are not only coeval with the pictures they enshrine, but are designed, carved and gilt by the artists themselves.

"The Bolognese, always characterized by the Italians as '*franchi e giocondi*,' have added, since the Revolution, to these amiable qualifications, a certain *à plomb*, which is the result of their improved system of education for both sexes. The total overthrow of monastic institutions obliged parents to educate their children at home, or to send them to the liberal schools newly established, which were calculated to prepare the males for the universities, and then for the world, and the females for those domestic duties once so little known in Italy. The abolition of vain distinctions, which served only to separate and distract, was more willingly submitted to in Bologna than in any other city of the Peninsula; and the permanent effects of this change are more graciously visible in the actual position of society, in which birth forms no ground of exclusion against those who can produce credentials of talent and education.

"The good society of Bologna is made up of whatever is most distinguished, among the nobility, professors, bankers and merchants: even the Casino, that usually exclusive circle in all Italian cities, is here open to the *cittadini* as to the no-

bles; and the Cardinal Delegato, who holds an assembly once a week at his palace, has, as yet, made no attempt to restore the ancient system of disqualification for courts and drawing-rooms to all who could not rest their claims upon pedigrees.

"In Bologna the unmarried youth of both sexes are admitted into the circles of their parents, (a custom nowhere else subsisting in Italy) and they add that charm to social life, which youth brings with it wherever it sheds its lustre or lends its spirit. The students of the liberal professions, in particular, are interesting from the contrast of their frank, unaffected manners, and enlightened intellects, with the remnants of antique systems and antique forms to which they are opposed.

"With all this tendency of the rising generation in Bologna to the acquirement of useful knowledge and liberal principles, the press is less free than in any state not under papal jurisdiction. It is there, as in Rome, shackled by *Sacerdotal Censors*; and the interdictions of that black volume, the *Pope's Index*, are in full force. Even foreign newspapers enter with great difficulty, and persecutions have been instituted upon subjects apparently the least susceptible of awakening the vigilance and wrath of Mother-Church, while the pulpit is armed against the liberality of an age which the preachers are ordered to stigmatize as *philosophical*."

Lady Morgan proceeds to give a most animated account of Florence, Rome, Naples and Venice. Our limits, however, oblige us, for the present, to close the subject.

TRICKS OF SPEAKING.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

I should be departing from a very good habit, gentle reader, if I were to give you any inkling beforehand of what I am going to say. There are some people, indeed, of such a quick imagination, they guess how your sentence will end almost as soon as you begin it; and if you are conversing with them, they are sure to pop some of your own words into your mouth before you have yet come to them. I, who have some little hesitation in my utterance, and a good deal of trouble in collecting my ideas at any time, hate all such word-midwives from the

bottom of my heart. Every one should be allowed to tell his own story after his own manner. For why should one be obliged to call out, like Grumio, "Tell thou the tale;" or with honest Fluellin, "It is not well done, mark you now, to take tales out of my mouth ere it is made an end and finished." But waving the incivility of such interruptions, they generally disappoint their own end, and keep the hearers the longer from getting at the marrow of the subject, as they sometimes learn to their cost. Of all hearers, by the way, your poets, with all due respect be it spoken, are the most impatient and troublesome, and this, I suppose, because the rules of their own art never permit them to commence themselves "*ab ovo*." Indeed the only exception I know is that famous poet "of the north country," my worthy good friend, who most obligingly listened to one or two very long stories I told him a little while ago without interrupting me once. He is certainly the perfection of good-nature. To be sure I met with the stories afterwards in the "Tales of my Landlord," with all the circumstances of dress, and character, and scenery, exactly as I had described them. But could any thing be more flattering than such a proof, not only of his patience, but of his courteous attention? Next to the poets, the most abominable personages to talk to are the lawyers. It seems as if they were always in such a hurry to begin their own *speechifying*, that they could not bear to hear any one else's tongue going. It was but the other day I went to consult one of them about prosecuting a rascally servant, who had stolen some of my plate. I had scarcely mentioned the word servant, when off goes my good friend of the long robe at a tangent; and, "by the by," says he "what you are now telling me reminds me of an odd occurrence at the assizes some years ago. I remember my friend the Solicitor-General (he was then Mr. Serjeant Copley) was cross-examining a witness"—and so he went on for ten minutes with a long cock and bull story, but what it was, or what Mr. Serjeant Copley and the assizes had to do with my plate that was stolen, I could not learn then, nor can I now conceive, for the life of me. But I remember

well I was out of all patience with the foolish interruption. But all this, by the by. What I was going to remark is, that after observing the ways of others, and studying what grave authors have written on the subject), I find that the best method of opening a matter is either to bounce bravely into the midst of it, or else to begin and go on with some other topic, as wide from the mark as may be, and then introduce, what you really wish to say, *obiter*, and by way of parenthesis.

For the first method, I know no better expedient than to fall to with a good round exclamation. It excites curiosity, and stirs a few questions in your hearers at first, but after a while they are heartily glad to listen. And in this particular it is surprising how entirely the instincts of mankind accord with the suggestions of art and experience. This very method is often pursued with great success by the vulgar—a fact of which Ben Jonson was well aware, and which he has happily illustrated in the following passage of his *Tale of a Tub*.

Puppy. Oh, where's my master? my master? my master?

Dame Turfe. Thy master? what would'st thou with thy master, man?

There's thy master.

Turfe. What's the matter, Puppy?

Puppy. Oh, master! oh, dame! oh, dame! oh, master!

Dame Turfe. What say'st thou to thy master, or thy dame?

Puppy. Oh, John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!

Turfe. What of John Clay?

Clay. Oh, Lord! oh, me! what shall I do? poor John!

Puppy. Oh, John Clay! John Clay! *Clay.* Alas!

That ever I was born! I will not stay by it, For all the tiles in Kilburn.

Dame Turfe. What of Clay?

Speak, Puppy, what of him?

Puppy. He hath lost, he hath lost.

Turfe. For luck sake, speak, Puppy, what hath he lost?

Puppy. Oh, Awdry! Awdry! Awdry!

Turfe. What of my daughter Awdry?

Puppy. I tell you, Awdry—do you understand me?

Awdry, sweet master! Awdry, my dear dame!

Turfe. Where is she? What's become of her, I pray thee?

Puppy. Oh, the serving man! the serving man! the serving man!

Turfe. What talk'st thou of the serving man? Where's Awdry?

Puppy. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man.

Dame Turfe. Good Puppy, whither is she gone with him?

Puppy. I cannot tell; he bade me bring you word,

The Captain lay at the Lion, &c.

Every day, indeed, I find persons, whom I do my best to imitate, luckily setting out full sail, and with a strong current, into the midst of their narrative, in some such fashion as this: "It was the oddest thing, as I was observing to my friend Sir Benjamin yesterday, that whilst all this occurred I never chanced to turn round; for, you must know, it was twelve o'clock, and I had been talking to him more than an hour with my hand twirled round his button. I did not turn round, as I mentioned, or else I think I should have discovered the droll trick I am just mentioning to you." And after this prelude on goes the story fluently enough, for the great art is to get once clearly afloat, and then, to be sure, when a man has sense, out it will needs come, and he finds himself giving information by wholesale, without well knowing by what cue he fell into such a communicative humour.

But to proceed in this downright manner is not always practicable; nor, if it were, would it be always desirable. Bacon wisely recommends a little preliminary excursion. "To use no circumstance at all," says he, "before one comes to the matter, is blunt." And here, though persons in common life sometimes succeed tolerably well, yet they would advance much more if they would carefully study the modern orators. Sometimes the most trivial circumstance occurring at the moment may serve for a good introduction. Of such preludes one of the happiest instances occurs in the admirable speech of Mr. Curran for Justice Johnstone. There happened to be some degree of silence, a thing very unusual indeed in an Irish court of justice, when Mr. Curran rose to speak. That mighty genius caught the opportunity, and burst forth thus: "I am glad it is so; I am glad of this factitious dumbness; for if murmurs dared to become audible, my voice would be too feeble to drown them; but when all is hushed, when nature sleeps—*cum quies mortalibus ægris*—the weakest voice is heard. The shepherd's whistle shoots across the

listening darkness of the interminable heath, and gives notice that the wolf is upon his walk, and the same gloom and stillness that tempt the monster to come abroad facilitate the communication of the warning to beware. Yes, through that silence the shepherd shall be put upon his guard, yes, through that silence shall the felon savage be chased into the toil. Yes, my lords, I feel myself cheered and impressed by the composed and dignified attention with which I see you are disposed to hear me."

I am told that some of the imitators of this great orator have been still more successful than their prototype in catching a hint from the occasion. But I must confess it is my misfortune not to have familiarized myself sufficiently with their productions, to be able to vouch for this assertion myself, though I have not the slightest doubt it is strictly true, and that the passage I have extracted may have been completely eclipsed in felicity by subsequent ebullitions in the same school of eloquence.

On state occasions, and particularly in cabinet conferences with the sovereign, Bacon very much approves of a little jesting, by way of introduction. I should have thought he had fallen into this practice out of accommodation to the queer humour of that learned prince James the First, if he had not mentioned that this system had been very successfully pursued by some grave counsellor in the time of Queen Elizabeth of blessed memory. Some, perhaps, may think that Polonius carries this system too far, in his way of introducing his solution of Hamlet's madness. But that witty play on words in the outset—

"My liege, and madam, to expostulate, What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore—since brevity's the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief," &c.—

shows him to have been a complete master of the grace of insinuation.

I do not think it necessary to say much of cant phrases: the use of them is so ordinary and familiar, that every one is able to practise

them without study. Johnson's way "Why yes, Sir," "Baw, baw, why no, Sir," pronounced *ore r-tundo*, had something grand and Brobdignag-dian about it. Sir Thomas More's "Tilly tally, Mrs. More," has its grace. But the usual forms, "God bless me, who would have thought it?—Only think—Well, as I am alive—Well, lack a-day—As God's my hope,"—are somewhat energetic, and, doubtless, very expressive and proper at times, and by no means to be discarded, as they help to give a glibness to the tongue; and what is more important, are of great use in enabling you to seem ready, and to be going on, whilst, in fact, you are at a stand, and doing your best to rally your thoughts from a retreat.

But these plans are play-work, and of very vulgar merit when compared to the genuine parenthetical method, by which you may go round about the bush for ever, and at last you put in the principal story or argument, as it were, by a side blow. I remember one author who, to prove that Richard the Third's character had been misrepresented, goes off bolt into a set dissertation on the condition of the people in Russia. Every one knows that the finest heathen account of the system of the world, and of the age of Saturn, is contained in a dialogue, the gist of which is said to be to find out a definition of a true statesman. In like manner Warburton, in a noble sermon preached before the Society for the Propagation of Christianity, launches forth in a grand invective, and dwells, during three-fourths of the discourse, on the mischiefs of the slave-trade, one of the founders of that Society having been a slave-merchant, and most vigorously ridicules the founder's mistaken notion of death-bed repentance, and of atoning for iniquities by a charitable donation. With regard to sermons, indeed, it is not, perhaps, strictly correct to introduce them on the present occasion, as Sterne will have it that they have no particular subject, and that all texts are convertible, and that as much might be preached on the text of "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," as on any other that can be selected. We will go then to other public speakers, and ask whether you may not listen for hours to those who have the gift of speech, without being able to form

the slightest conjecture what is the subject in debate. It is the highest effort of art to keep itself disguised. In the courts of justice you sometimes have discussions on natural philosophy, history, morality, and politics; and in the House of Commons you cannot make out what you have. A lawyer, indeed, would be justly despised if he gave you speeches containing merely facts and law. He would show himself to be merely a lawyer. The proper way for him is to plunge off and make a display in some science unconnected with his profession; and if he shows himself master of what he never seemed likely to have studied, how can anyone help giving him credit for understanding what he has always been supposed to study? As to statesmen, they have been noted, through all ages, for speaking off from the point. The ablest of them have been particularly praised for introducing strong arguments in a parenthetical manner. I need only mention Demosthenes, and Mr. Fox. But though they were very able in that respect, I think posterity will give the palm, in the parenthetical style, to a great minister of the present day, whose speeches are often in a parenthesis from beginning to end. He is certainly a complete master in that manner. Swift, whose character as a writer has been lately reduced to its proper standard, among other innovations by which he would have corrupted our language, wished very much absolutely to prohibit the interlacing and dove-tailing one parenthesis within another. Now every Englishman laments that the English language should be so much excluded as it is from diplomacy; and yet here is a plan gravely proposed, which would castrate our language of one of the few political qualities it possesses, and absolutely incapacitate it for being ever applied to that noble science, for which so much ambiguity and perplexity are indispensably necessary.

The application of these remarks to other subjects of composition is obvious. Every one indeed knows, that a true play-writer has nothing to do with plot or incidents till he comes to the last act, and that the great art is to prevent the audience from forming any guess about the real views of the principal charac-

ters, till they are presented with a catastrophe which could never have been anticipated; and that a genuine epic poem is nothing but a series of digressions. If any one shall be disposed to argue that a speech cannot be called a series of parentheses, or a poem a series of digressions, and that the very words imply some other general matter as a principal subject, and that to make the principal subject seem incidental, is against the rules of art; the first point being merely verbal, I should leave to grammarians to settle, but the latter point I should feel myself bound to deny. For art is but the imitation of nature, and the uniform course in life is for men to put on a disguise, and let their real character lie in reserve, though it may, perhaps, sometime peep out unawares. Do we not all know that Brutus played the simpleton two-thirds of his life, and then all of a sudden showed something peculiar in his wit and spirit? Did not every one think Swift a queer mulish being, till by accident he turned author? Did not Henry the Eighth, for many good years, entertain conscientious scruples about the legality of his first marriage, and consult all the doctors in Europe to solve the problem, and then, when he could not prevail on the Pope to come to any determination one way or other, did he not, in a manner, by chance marry Anne Boleyn? Did not Oliver Cromwell talk for years about flat Popery in the House of Commons, and then, in a parenthesis, buy Charles the First's jewels? Does not his High Mightiness the Pope designate himself the servant of servants, and is not his only constant care bent on enlarging Christ's kingdom, "which is not of this world;" and does he not occasionally put forth his feet to be kissed merely for courtesy? Do not fanatics, in all ages, loudly disclaim all sense of merit, and, in true self-annihilation, resemble that honest friar who, apprehensive of the acclamations of respect that must ensue upon his preaching, took care to close his long unintelligible rant with a "not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to thee be the praise and the glory?"

But I cry your mercy, gentle reader, and beg you will not think that, for the purpose of taking a Pis-

gah view of the world, I have mounted myself on the tub of Diogenes. Understand me, I pray you, in a more simple sense, and above all, be of good courage since you now see land. Nor will I, after mentioning the cynic's name, apologise for this long tirade, or express my fears that I may have seemed tedious to you, lest you should answer me, as he did some foolish talker in his day, "Surely not, not at all," said he, "for I did not think it worth while to compliment you with a moment's attention."

REMINISCENCE

Of Remarkable Characters of the Last age.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

HANNAH LIGHTFOOT,
(THE FAIR QUAKER)

[In consequence of an inquiry relative to this celebrated lady, in a late number, we have been favoured with the following letter from a respectable gentleman at Warminster, and we are promised further information. On inquiring of the Oxford family, who still are respectable grocers on Ludgate Hill, we traced a son of the person alluded to in the letter, by his second wife, Miss Bartlett, and ascertained that the information of our correspondent is substantially correct. From him we learn that the lady lived six weeks with her husband, who was fondly attached to her, but one evening when he happened to be from home, a coach and four came to the door, when she was conveyed into it and carried off at a gallop, no one knew whither. It appears the husband was inconsolable at first, and at different times applied for satisfaction about his wife at Weymouth, and other places, but died after sixty years in total ignorance of her fate. It has, however, been reported, that she had three sons by her lover, since high in the army; that she was buried at Islington under another name—and even that she is still living.]

Your correspondent inquires (in your Magazine for April) for some account of the Fair Quaker who once engaged the affections of prince George. Her name was not Wheeler, but Hannah Lightfoot. She lived with her father and mother at the corner of St. James' mar-

ket, who kept a shop there (I believe a linnen draper's). The prince had often noticed her in his way from Leicester-house to St. James's, and was struck with her person. Miss Chudleigh, late duchess of Kingston, became his agent.

The royal lover's relations took alarm, and sent to inquire out a young man to marry her. Isaac Axford was a shopman to Barton the grocer, on Ludgate Hill, and used to chat with her when she came to the shop to buy groceries.

Perryn, of Knightsbridge, it was said, furnished a place of meeting for the royal lover. An agent of Miss Chudleigh's called on Axford, and proposed, that on his marrying Hannah, he should have a considerable sum of money.

Hannah staid a short time with her husband, when she was taken off in a carriage, and Isaac never saw her more. Axford learnt that she was gone with Miss Chudleigh. Isaac was a poor-hearted fellow, or, by making a bustle about it, he might perhaps have secured to himself a good provision. He told me, when I last saw him, that he presented a petition at St. James's, which was not attended to; also that he had received some money from Perryn's assignees on account of his wife.

Isaac lived many years as a respectable grocer at Warminster, his native place, but retired from business before his death, which took place about five years ago, in the 86th year of his age.

Many years after Hannah was taken away, her husband, believing her dead, married again to a Miss Bartlett, of Keevel (N. Wilts), and by her succeeded to an estate at Chevrell, of about 150*l.* a year. On the report reviving, a few years since, of his first wife's being still living, a Mr. Bartlett (first cousin to Isaac's second wife) claimed the estate on a plea of the invalidity of this second marriage.

It was said, that the late marquis of Bath a little before his death, reported that she was then living, and the same has been asserted by other gentlemen of this neighbourhood.

Hannah was fair and pure, as far as I ever heard; but report says "not the purest of all pure" in respect to the house of Mr. Perryn, who left her an annuity of 40*l.* a year. She was indeed considered as one of the

beautiful women of her time, and rather disposed to *en bon point*

WARMINSTERIENSIS.
Warminster, 30th April, 1821.

LADY READE OF SHIPTON, IN OXFORDSHIRE, AND MAY FAIR, LONDON.

From the unpublished MS. of a Tourist.

The manor house in which lady Reade resided at Shipton, commanded a delightful, though not a very extensive woodland view. The gardens, useful and ornamental, were of considerable extent. There were forcing houses for pine-apples, vines, orange and lime trees, and other exotics; and some remarkably large myrtle trees, which the gardener said were considerably more than a century old; the buildings all looked old and decayed. But those beautiful lawns, where the family and visitors, in other days, used to promenade, were now, and for thirty or forty years had been covered over with wooden frames, roofed overhead, the sides made of large strong wire work, in which vast cages, an immense assemblage of birds, chiefly foreign, were kept. Amongst the specimens then exhibited, the most beautiful as to form, and the most splendid as to plumage, were different species of gold and silver pheasants.

The rooms abounded with fine family portraits, but that which was by far the most captivating, was the portrait of the lady dowager, Jane Reade, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the subject of these observations. The features were fine, the physiognomy benevolent; and esteemed one of the happiest efforts of that great artist. As I stood admiring this beautiful work of art, and drew with my mind's eye the present features and figure of this lady, now between eighty and ninety years of age, I could not trace the slightest resemblance; not a vestige remaining of that beauty so eminent in her youthful days.

The history of this lady affords an eventful illustration of the folly of affecting too much delicacy, and of making rash vows. When young, she is represented as having been proud and high-spirited; but her husband hoped that time and reflection would soften and ameliorate these her only failings. They lived very happily, till, unfortunately for

both, she was delivered of *twins*. From that hour a ridiculous idea of the *indelicacy* of having twins, filled her mind with such phantasies, that the advice of her dearest friends were not powerful enough to induce her to reside with her husband, and a separation took place.

The effect her rash vow had upon her future happiness, was, however, strikingly lamentable; and she that had been the admiration of the country for the beauty of her person, and the elegance of her manners, retired in disgust from the polished circle of society in which she had been reared; from this period a marked change in her temper, manner, and habits, was observed. She became attached to birds and monies, and from purchasing a few, she went on collecting, resolved to possess the finest collection of birds in England, and being unsparing of money, she realized her intention, and formed a most magnificent aviary; having obtained, sometimes as presents, but more frequently by purchase, specimens of the most beautiful or scarce birds from every quarter of the world, from the largest to the minutest, and to keep alive the gaudy natives of the tropics, she had stoves constructed that kept the air of the rooms at a proper degree of heat. She is said to have frequently given a hundred and fifty guineas for a single bird.

I went through the apartments where the poor prisoners were confined: the noise of the different species of macaws, cockatoos, parquets, and parrots, was absolutely deafening; and the air was so foul, notwithstanding every thing that care and regularity in cleaning their cages could effect, that it was quite noxious. The pale cheeks and dim eye of the "*bird-maid*," as the female was called who exhibited the collection to strangers, sufficiently proved the ill effects of the effluvia they occasioned. Several years prior to my visit to Shipton, a fire happened through a defect in one of the stoves, and a great number of her collection of birds were burned, and more were suffocated: the latter were embalmed, if the expression is allowable, and having died in the full brilliancy of feather, they looked almost as well as when living, and formed a study whence many of our artists are said to have bor-

rowed specimens to copy in their paintings. These were exhibited on the principal floor, leading from the great staircase to the drawingroom.

As lady Reade advanced in years, this attachment grew stronger and stronger; she neglected her person, paid no regard to fashion, intermixed but little with the world, and by imperceptible degrees, lost every trait, not only of female beauty, but of feminine reserve and delicacy; as if she regretted her sex, and wished to conceal it.

Lady Reade was never a vicious woman; she had not disgraced her character; but her eccentricities in dress and manners being talked of far around, she was followed by crowds whenever she appeared in public; which irritating and offending the pride of wealth and birth, it helped to put an end to the influence of native benevolence, and she became an insulated being and a misanthrope.

When she travelled between London and Shipton lady Reade attracted as much attention as monarchy itself. At the inns where she stopped the gates were usually shut, to afford her an opportunity of disembarking and landing her cargo of parrots, monies, and other living attendants, who were stowed in and about her carriages. As soon as she got to Magdalen Bridge, at Oxford, a crowd was sure to collect, if it were in the day-time, who followed or preceded, accumulating as she advanced, so that by the time she arrived at the Star inn, it was sometimes difficult to make way; and it must be owned her grotesque appearance, in the midst of her living animals, was calculated to excite curiosity in an eminent degree.

She is said still to have possessed the power to re-assume the lady, and to have kept up a correspondence with the late duke of Marlborough and two or three other old acquaintance. With her daughter-in-law, the widow of her son, and mother of Sir John Reade, bart. of Bledington, she held no intercourse whatever; but was reported to feel, amidst all her singularities, a powerful affection towards her grandson. And if, amongst what were termed "the old standards," any case of sudden distress occurred, I was informed she would secretly administer relief.

Since this visit in 1812, this most singular lady has paid the debt of nature, having attained to a very old age. Her aviary she left, partly to the queen, and part to the duke of Marlborough; the whole are probably dispersed, and it may be long before any person of fortune is again seized with a similar taste. Her collection was magnificent, and presented to the eye the wondrous variety of the feathered tribe, in all the pomp of radiant plumage; but I must confess, the wild songsters of her groves, that gaily poured their morning and evening carols, gave me far greater pleasure than the whole of her costly collection.

STERNE.

The following anecdote of Sterne was narrated to me by my late uncle, Mr. George Smith, of St. Saviour's Church-yard, and, as the value of such biographical gleanings depends entirely upon their genuineness, I think it proper to state that my above relative was an eye witness, as well as his elder brother, the late highly respected Thomas Smith, sen. Esq. who died alderman and father of the city of York in 1810.

ENORT SMITH.

Black Swan-yard, Bermondsey-street.

During the time this celebrated character was one of the prebendaries of York, his royal highness Edward, late duke of York, paid a visit to the Cathedral, one Sunday, purposely to hear him preach. Such an occurrence drew together a more than ordinary congregation, most of whom were well acquainted with Sterne's peculiar powers as a preacher, and who well knew how beautifully his mind could meander through the diversities of every subject.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

His royal highness was observed to enter his pew with a most complacent smile on his countenance, anticipating, no doubt, a few of those well strung compliments being paid him, such as servile genius too often dishonours itself in bestowing upon mere worldly rank and exterior splendour: but the preacher showed himself in a far different light from that of a flatterer and fawner upon power. He felt the due importance of his sacred office, and with a voice well suited to the solemnity of the occasion, he pronounced to his numerous and admiring audience the following forcible text:—"It is bet-

ter to trust in the Lord than to put any confidence in princes."*

Never did the genius of Yorick display itself more divinely. His discourse was a masterpiece of well-tempered, acute reasoning, aiming its golden shafts with irresistible force and acumen against the vain corruption and superciliousness which too often sway the bosoms of the mighty in this life. On this occasion the patron of Falconer sat abashed, with his eyes fixed on the ground; his features reddened with confusion, and perhaps inwardly working with shame. I hope he felt as he ought, and that the lecture was not lost upon him; and I sincerely wish we had a few more such honest interpreters of Divinity as Sterne; who could dare to waive all distinctions whenever morality requires it—and who had courage to hurl on the heads of high-raised licentiousness and depravity, the thunderbolts of Christian reproof and admonition, showing that it is not in the outward glare of circumstances that their weight in society must be found; but I may venture to assert, that it is virtue alone that can adjust the cords of worldly power, so as to render their owners happy and their possessions secure, in those sublunary concerns which they are superiorly connected with, in this "vale of harrassing trials," to the rest of mankind.

MR. THOMAS BENTLEY, MR. DOBBS,
late Member for Charlemont, in
Ireland, BELL the Life Guards-
man, &c.

Mr. Thomas Bentley was a general dealer in his native town of Sudbury, in Suffolk, which he quitted about the year 1790, to open a warehouse in London. Probably he had been always of a religious turn, but it is certain that a few years before he came to town, he suddenly conceived that almost every innocent enjoyment in life was sinful, and, as such, that it was his duty to publish his sentiments to the world. To obviate the objection that he preached in opposition to his own practice, he first stripped his house of pictures, prints, &c. which he insisted upon destroying, because, as he urged in answer to the objections of Mrs. Bentley, they might otherwise

* Psalm 118, verse 9.

become the cause of sin in others. His next object was to alter his dress to the resemblance of that worn by the Friends, excepting that instead of the *best* and *fi est*, he preferred the worst and the coarsest. From the same principles, when females came to his shop to purchase any of the best of linen, &c., he would recommend them not to do so, but to purchase double the quantity of some inferior kind, in order that they might be enabled to give the other half away.

This conduct, no doubt, rendered it necessary to leave the shop at Sudbury; but as Mr. Bentley was not independent, he for some years had a warehouse in town. In the mean time, his admonitions to the world were not confined to speaking, a privilege of which he availed himself wherever he might be, but he published at his own expense a number of pamphlets, hand bills, letters, &c. Some of the latter were addressed 'to those who seek peace with God.' He also presented a letter to the members of the House of Commons, dated May 12th, 1791, in which he assured them, that although he had a fortune of one thousand pounds, and naturally liked good living, yet that he lived on horse and ass flesh, barley bread, stinking butter, &c. But when he found that eating such things gave offence to his neighbours, he left off eating ass flesh, and only lived on vegetables, as the common sort of food, he said, hurt his conscience.

After Mr. Bentley's separation from his wife, which took place several years previous to his own decease, he carried his aversion to the observance of known usages with respect to diet, to a still greater extreme. He would have no set meal-times, insisting that the calls of nature ought to be obeyed at all times, and, if possible, in all places. After he came to London, he never had but one servant, who, as he respected his master's principles, was contented sometimes to breakfast at six in the morning, and sometimes not before noon. As any thing like pride in dress was abhorrent to Mr. Bentley's way of thinking, this faithful servant was content to wear the clothes presented by his master, without any alteration. Mr. Bentley was six feet high within a few inches; but his Sancho Panza, a short

man, positively wore one of his master's coats, nearly dragging along the ground. At length, however, the ridicule which Mr. Bentley brought upon himself by advocating the eating of ass flesh, tended considerably to cool his ardour for making prose-lytes, to which may be added the expenses he had been at for years in printing his numerous productions, addressed to all ranks, which he generally gave away, having experimentally found few persons who would purchase them.

Mr. Bentley was only an occasional visitor of the little singular society that used to assemble with Mr. John Dennis, the bookseller, and others, at the house of a friend, near Hoxton.

M^R. DOBBS, a member of the Irish Parliament about 1799, was another of the persons that attended this small circle of religious inquirers. Partial to his own country, he seriously maintained that, according to the Book of Revelations, Ireland was selected to be the principal theatre of the approaching Millennium; and that the fine linen in which the saints are said to be clothed in chap. xvi., was to be manufactured in Ireland, and that as serpents and all venomous creatures were banished thence by St. Patrick, Satan the old serpent, was also destined to receive his deadly blow there. The Giant's Causeway, he thought, had been referred to by Daniel. Gog and Magog, who, it is supposed in Ezekiel, would give the saints a good deal of trouble before the Millennium, Mr. Dobbs supposed were to come from New South Wales; and Armaugh, in Ireland, he understood was the Armageddon mentioned in the Revelations, where the great battle was to be fought. Every person in existence, Mr. Dobbs maintained, had lived in this world more than once, and that before the Millennium there would be an army of a hundred and forty-four thousand persons, who would have the full confidence of their having been in the world before.

A volume in octavo, being a concise view of History and Prophecy, &c., by Francis Dobbs, Esq., member for the borough of Charlemont, in Ireland—London, 1800, will sufficiently evince that the sentiments of this gentleman have been by no means misrepresented in this sketch. In Mr. Dobbs' book, he refers to the

meeting at Hoxton, consisting of "thirty persons, all of whom declared they had reasons out of the common order of things, to think that these times would produce mighty changes, that would end in the establishment of human happiness."

Several of these characters, especially Mr. J. Dennis, the bookseller, were ardent admirers of the writings of Jacob Behmen, and his recent translator, the late Rev. William Law, and this not a little upon account of the positive assertion of the latter, that Sir Isaac Newton had borrowed his ideas of attraction and gravity from the alchymistical, theological, and astrological shoemaker of Gorlitz, in his book entitled "The Three Principles."

M^R. JOHN BELL, commonly called the *Life Guardsman*, who predicted the end of the world, and the certain destruction of London, about the year 1757, was a kind of honorary member of this society, and, when he uttered these terrible effusions, was a preacher in Mr. J. Wesley's connection, from which of course he was excluded; but he lived not only to recover his reason, but to renounce all his former connections and predilections. Mr. Bell, for several years after, kept a hosier's shop near Holborn Bridge. The writer of this article saw Mr. Bell in the act of making himself very merry at the expense of Mr. Rowland Hill's hearers, when, previous to his establishment in the Surrey-road chapel, he used occasionally to preach in the open air near White Conduit House, in the London-field, at Hackney, and elsewhere. Mr. Bell was living in genteel retirement, on a small farm at Hyde, near Edgeware, in the winter of 1794-5.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF APPLE AND PEAR TREES.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Mag.*

SIR—I am induced to convey through your miscellany some useful information, from which I have experienced a practical benefit, relative to the management of apple and pear trees. But before I enter upon the information, it is necessary to lay before you the very bad state of a dozen apple trees in my orchard. The stock of them will measure three feet in circumference.

These trees were so injured by the cankered state of their bodies and branches, that there did not appear more than one-sixth part free from canker and moss. The miserable state they were in, and after losing one of them, I consulted a nurseryman, who observed their very old state, and that the canker had so injured them that they were not worth keeping. He therefore advised me to cut them down and plant young ones in their place.

On reflecting on his observations, it occurred to me to make an experiment. I first planted a tree beside each of them, and then proceeded in making the experiment to recover them, and I have the satisfaction to say I have so far succeeded, that any person looking at the branches, the stock being hid from sight, would say they were young thriving trees. They are now free from canker and moss, and uncommonly full of blossom.

As there are many but little acquainted with trees, it is necessary to observe, that every tree has three rinds of bark, the inward, the middle, and the outward. This observation I thought necessary, from a neighbour having destroyed a great number of fine trees. I shall now proceed to state the practical information.

I first cleared away from the stock all the outward bark and moss, so that the body was clear of its outward rind; in doing this the quantity of worms, wood-lice, earwigs, and other insects, was extraordinary. I then with a small hoe scraped every branch quite clean from moss or rough bark. I next looked over the stems, and where I found any hole that was cankered, I cut out the cankered part quite clean, so that no insects could harbour there, extending the lips of the hole to a healthy part of the rind. I afterwards proceeded to the smaller branches, cutting away the cankered knobs to healthy parts, and where any branch crossed another I cut it off. Lastly, with a hand-brush, made of fine whalebone, I brushed the tree over to clear away the insects and their eggs.

I adopted this mode of recovering my trees four years ago. In the first year there was a sensible improvement. I have therefore per-

severed in the practice every year since, and have the pleasure and gratification to observe that they are become bearers of apples in abundance. S. W.

May, 1821.

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW ENGLISH PATENTS.

To MAJOR PETER HAWKER, of Long Parish House, near Andover, Hants, for a machine to assist in the attainment of proper performance on the Piano-forte, or other keyed instruments.

The machine constituting this invention, consists of a supporting rod placed horizontally in front of the keys of a piano-forte; the hands of the performer are supported on this rod, in a little mould or frame, which slides to and fro on it; the rod is made either of wood or metal, and in its figure, either cylindrical or otherwise; it is mounted on pieces or supports, which are screwed on to the front of the bottom board of the instrument: the whole is capable of adjustment as to height and distance from the keys, the length being about the same as the front of the instrument, and of sufficient strength to support the hands without inflection.

A pair of frames or moulds for the hands to rest in for the purpose of guiding the fingers, are made of wood, leather, or papier machée, carved or moulded to the form of the under part of the right and left hands, from the wrist to the extent of the knuckles; they are smooth on the under side for the purpose of sliding on the rod, and are attached to the hands by straps passing over the back of the hand round the wrist, and which buckle on—the interior of the mould corresponds exactly with the shape of the fleshy part of the inside of the hand, and are therefore carefully modelled, and an assortment of moulds of a variety of shapes and form are provided to fit the hands of different persons; different moulds are also prepared for the same persons, to facilitate the performance of open or close passages in the music; such as chords or octaves, in which the fingers require to be extended, or in such as in which the notes follow close after each other in succession. The patentee observes that the

great and important use of the moulds, is not so much to influence the position of the fingers, as that of the wrist generally.

To JOHN HEARD, of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, for an invention of certain improvements in Cooking Apparatus.

This invention consists in the construction of a stove or fire-place for the purposes of baking, boiling, roasting, &c. as well as for heating the apartment, with a very small consumption of fuel, and is as well adapted to ships as to dwelling houses. It is intended to be insulated, or stand in the middle of a room without brick work; the frame or case is of cast or sheet iron, or other plates of metal, screwed or rivetted together, and standing on feet to admit a current of air passing under it.

The patentee considers the essential part of his invention to be in that construction of his apparatus which affords the portability of form, the facility of dismemberment, and the means of removing it in detail from place to place, and which allows it to be fitted together, without the aid of tools or the necessity of brick-work.

To THOMAS HANCOCK, of Pulteney-street, Golden-square, London, for a discovery that by the application of a certain material to certain articles of dress, the same may be rendered more elastic.

The patentee explains by his specification, that the material he uses for this purpose is casutchouc, or what is denominated India rubber, in strips of form and substance suited to the several purposes. He applies such strips to the close fitting of gloves, by forming in the wrist of the glove, a canal or pipe, into which a small strip of this elastic material is introduced, occupying the entire circumference of the passage without extension, by gathering up the wrist of the glove and joining the ends of the elastic strip so as to form of it a ring of smaller circumference than that of the wrist itself, or the mouth of the glove, which thus in its new state, is expanded by the introduction of the hand, and contracts when the hand has passed through it, and it has passed on to the wrist. The patentee proposes to apply such springs

or elastic strips to any other articles of dress which require an elastic and tight fitting, as waistcoats, knee-bands, garters, braces, stays for the female form, riding belts, and a variety of similar matter.

Obs. In this ingenious and useful little contrivance, its simplicity, which hardly admits of doubt or cavil, may protect it from depredation; but had the subject been intricate, involving combinations, or one of general importance, the studied ambiguity of the title having no definition, and the sweeping claims which fill the specification, without distinct description, would be found entirely destructive of the patentee's object.

SELECT POETRY.

PATRIOTIC EFFUSIONS OF THE ITALIAN POETS.

Whoever has attentively studied the works of the Italian poets, from the days of Dante and Petrarch, to those of Foscolo and Pindemonte, must have been struck with those allusions to the glory and the fall, the renown and the degradation of Italy, which give a melancholy interest to their pages. Amidst all the vicissitudes of that devoted country, the warning voice of her bards has still been heard to prophesy the impending storm, and to call up such deep and spirit stirring recollections from the glorious past, as have resounded through the land, notwithstanding the loudest tumults of those discords which have made her

Long, long a bloody stage,
For petty kinglings tame,
Their miserable game
Of puny war to wage.

There is something very affecting in these vain, though exalted aspirations after that independence which the Italians, as a nation, seem destined never to regain. The strains in which their high-toned feelings on this subject are recorded, produce on our minds the same effect with the song of the imprisoned bird, whose melody is fraught, in our imagination, with recollections of the green woodland, the free air, and unbounded sky. We soon grow weary of the perpetual *violets* and *zephyrs*, whose cloying sweetness pervades the sonnets and canzoni of the minor Italian poets, till we

are ready to "die in aromatic pain;" nor is our interest much more excited, even by the everlasting *laurel* which inspires the enamoured Petrarch with so ingenious a variety of *concetti*, as might reasonably cause it to be doubted whether the beautiful Laura, or the emblematic tree, were the real object of the bard's affection; but the moment a patriotic chord is struck, our feelings are awakened, and we find it easy to sympathize with the emotions of a modern Roman, surrounded by the ruins of the Capitol; a Venetian, when contemplating the proud trophies won by his ancestors at Byzantium, or a Florentine amongst the tombs of the mighty dead, in the church of Santa Croce. It is not, perhaps, *now*, the time to plead, with any effect, the cause of Italy; yet cannot we consider that nation as altogether degraded, whose literature, from the dawn of its majestic immortality, has been consecrated to the nurture of every generous principle and ennobling recollection, and whose "choice and master-spirits," under the most adverse circumstances, have kept alive a flame, which may well be considered as imperishable, since the "ten thousand tyrants" of the land have failed to quench its brightness. We present our readers with a few of the minor effusions in which the indignant, though unavailing regrets of those, who, to use the words of Alfieri, are "Slaves, yet still *indignant slaves*,"* have been feelingly portrayed. The first of these productions must, in the original, be familiar to every reader who has any acquaintance with Italian literature.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

Italia, Italia! O tu cui feo la sorte, &c.

ITALIA! thou, by lavish nature grac'd
With ill-starr'd beauty, which to thee
hath been

A fatal dowry, whose effects are trac'd
In the deep sorrows, graven on thy
mien;

Oh! that more strength, or fewer charms
were thine,
That those might fear thee more, or
love thee less,

Who seem to worship at thy beauty's
shrine,

Then leave thee to the death-pang's
bitterness!

* Schiavi siam, ma schiavi ognor fre-
mentati.—ALFIERI.

Not then would foreign herds have drain'd
the tide
Of that Eridanus, thy blood hath dyed,
Nor from the Alps would legions, still
renewed
Pour down; nor would'st thou wield an
alien brand,
Nor fight thy battles with the stranger's
hand,
Still doom'd to serve, subduing, or sub-
dued.

VINCENZO DA FILICAJA.

*Quando giu dai gran monti bruna
bruna, &c.*

When from the mountain's brow, the
gathering shades
Of twilight fall, on one deep thought
I dwell:
Day beams o'er other lands, if here she
fades,
Nor bids the Universe at once fare-
well.

But thou, I cry, my country! what a night
Spreads o'er thy glories one dark
sweeping pall!

Thy thousand triumphs won by valour's
might,
And wisdom's voice—what now re-
mains of all?

And see'st thou not th' ascending flame
of war,
Burst thro' thy darkness, reddening from
afar?

Is not thy misery's evidence complete?
But if endurance can thy fall delay,
Still, still endure, devoted one! and say,
If it be victory thus, but to retard de-
feat!

CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

Io grido, e gridero finche mi senta, &c.

I cry aloud, and ye shall hear my call,
Arno, Tesino, Tyber! Adrian deep,
And blue Tyrrhene! Let him first
rouse'd from sleep,
Startle the next! one peril broods o'er all.
It nought avails that Italy should plead,
Forgetting valour, sinking in despair,
At strangers' feet!—our land is all too
fair,

Nor tears, nor prayers, can check ambi-
tion's speed.

In vain her faded cheek, her humbled
eye,

For pardon sue; 'tis not her agony,
Her death alone may now appease her
foes.

Be their's to suffer who to combat shun!
But oh! weak pride, thus feeble and un-
done,

Nor to wage battle, nor endure repose!

ALESSANDRO MARCHETTI.

*Italia! Italia! ah! non piu Italia! ap-
pena, &c.*

ITALIA! oh! no more Italia now!
Scarce of her form a vestige dost thou
wear;

*She was a Queen with glory mantled;—
Thou,
A slave, degraded, and compell'd to
bear.*

*Chains gird thy hands and feet; deep
clouds of care,
Darken thy brow, once radiant as thy
skies;
And shadows, born of terror and despair.
Shadows of death, have dimm'd thy
glorious eyes.*

*Italia! oh! Italia now no more!
For thee my tears of shame and an-
guish flow,
And the glad strains my lyre was wont
to pour
Are chang'd to dirge-notes; but my
deepest woe
Is, that base herds of thine own sons the
while,
Behold thy miseries with insulting smile.*

ALESSANDRO PEGOLOTTI.

*Quella, ch'ambi le mani entro la chio-
ma, &c.
SHE that cast down the empires of the
world,
And, in her proud, triumphal course
through Rome,
Dragg'd them, from freedom and domin-
ion hurl'd—
Bound by the hair, pale, humbled and
o'ercome—*

*I see her now, dismantled of her state,
Spoil'd of her sceptre—crouching to
the ground
Beneath a hostile car, and lo! the weight
Of fetters, her imperial neck around!
Oh! that a stranger's envious hand had
wrought
This desolation! for I then would say,
"Vengeance, Italia!" in the burning
thought,
Losing my grief; but 'tis th' ignoble
sway
Of vice hath bow'd thee!—Discord, sloth-
ful ease,
Their's is that victor car; thy tyrant lords
are these.*

FRANCESCO MARIA DE CONTI.

THE SHORE OF AFRICA.

*O Peregrin, che muovi errante il
passo, &c.*

*PILGRIM! whose steps these desert sands
explore,
Where verdure never spread its bright
array—
Know, 'twas on this inhospitable shore,
From Pompey's heart the life blood
ebb'd away.
'Twas here betray'd he fell, neglected
lay,
Nor found his relics a sepulchral stone,
Whose life, so long a bright, triumphal
day,
O'er Tyber's wave supreme in glory
shone!*

*Thou, stranger! if from barbarous climes
thy birth,
Look round exultingly, and bless the
earth,*

*Where Rome, with him, saw Power
and Virtue die!
But if 'tis Roman blood that fills thy
veins,
Then, son of heroes!—think upon thy
chains,
And bathe with tears the grave of
Liberty.*

VARIETIES.

"Monsieur Lasseure, a French emi-
grant, came to England in the year
1793, brought with him *of sterling*,
which he was determined should
subsist him four years, when he flat-
tered himself his country might be
restored to tranquillity, and him-
self permitted to return again in
peace. In the mean time, he took
a small garret at Somers Town, and
was observed to eat nothing but
bread, and drink nothing but water.
A gentleman in the neighbourhood
being informed of this circumstance,
most humanely sent him a present
of a fine ham, in return for which,
Lasseure sent (by the help of a
grammar and dictionary) the follow-
ing letter of thanks:

"SIR:—There is the first letter
that I dare to write in the English
language, pardon the grammatical
faults, in return of the hot senti-
ments of my heart. Sure enough,
Sir, I am stupified by your great
generosity, and your admirable fa-
vour. I have found yesterday, on ar-
riving to my house, an enormous ham,
and heard it was proceeding from
your goodness. How much am I grat-
full, my dearest Sir! above all, when
I consider that I am unknown to
you, and I have rendered you none
service—this gift is then very gra-
tuitous. Ah! it is the top of the
kindness, and makes a magnificent
eulogy of your generous heart—
would to God I should can go my-
self, to the end that I offer to you
my thanks, but I cannot—yet the
wishes that I do at London for your
happiness are neither less ardent,
nor less sincere. I say, with the
prophet king,

Fiat abundantia in turribus tuis.

"If I am happy enough to carry
back my body in France, I shall ex-
tol that liberality, but you shall per-
mit me to leave to you my heart, its
gratitude, and the respectfull affec-

tion with which I am, Sir, your very
humble servant, LASSEURE,
Rector of Ribourseaux, Burgundy."

"This letter was shown to the
princess Elizabeth, on which lucky
event the writer was taken from his
humble garret, and introduced to
plenty, and a first floor."

The following letter, from an hon-
est old woman near Stirling to
the emperor Alexander, has, per-
haps, been in print before, though
we do not recollect having met with
it. It was most graciously received,
and a handsome gift ordered to the
writer by the magnanimous *Sovring*.

"Unto the Most Excellent Alexan-
der, Emperor of the Great Do-
minion of Russia, and the Front-
iers thereunto belonging, &c. &c.

"Your most humble servant most
humbly begs your most gracious
pardon, for my boldness in attract-
ing your most dread Sovring for
your clemency at this time.

"My Sovring, the cause of this
freedom is on the account of your
Sovring's goodness in saving and
enlarging of my son, whose name is
John Duncan, aged 26 years of age,
who was an apprentice, and who
was prisoner with Robert Spittle,
his master, captain of the Jean Spit-
tle of Alloa, at the time of the Brit-
ish embargo in your Sovring's do-
minions in Russia, who is the only
support of me, his mother, and be-
sides, I have no other friend for my
support; and on the account of your
gracious benevolence, be pleased to
accept of this small present from
your ever well-wisher, whilst I have
breath.

"The small present is three pair
of stockens for going on when your
Sovring goes a hunting. I would
have sent your Sovring silk stockens
if that my son could go in search for
them; the press being so hot at this
time that he cannot go for fear of
being pressed. If your Sovring will
be pleased to except of this present,
and favour me with an answer of
this by the bearer, and tell me what
family your Sovring has, I will send
stockens for them all for the winter,
before the winter comes; and also
what sons and daters you might
have. Most dread Sovring, I am,
your most obedient humble servant
till death, ELIZABETH WYLLIE.

St. Ninians, by Stirling,

2d April, 1804.

"Please direct to me to the care of Robert Rennie, in St. Ninians, by Stirling, North Britain.

"*Sovring Alexander Emperor of Russia.*"

"I beg leave to send you a short account of some experiments, attended with singular results, which I made last summer, and which, I hope, will interest such of your readers as, like myself, are concerned in the progress of science, and in those laws which operate on the vital functions. Being engaged in showing some electrical experiments to a few friends, I required an egg to pass a shock through,—a well known and beautiful experiment,—and having used one from a nest on which a hen was then sitting, I ordered it to be replaced, and for curiosity marked it with a piece of charcoal, that I might know it again. I thought no more of it, however, till the servant told me, after the young brood had been going about for some days, that one of them had been hatched blind; this reminded me of my electrified egg, and I endeavoured to discover if it had been the same which contained the blind chick, but not being able to prove it, I was induced to repeat the experiment, with the view of putting my curiosity at rest respecting the effect of it, and this I was the more encouraged to do by some observations of the celebrated John Hunter, and more especially by a similar experiment, though not with the same agent, narrated by Spallanzani in one of his Tracts. I passed one, two, and more shocks from a large jar through a number of fresh eggs of different fowls, as the common hen, the duck, turkey, and also the moorhen, (a nest of which, recently discovered, being rifled for the purpose.) All the particulars were carefully marked on the specimens, and the whole deposited under two domestic fowls, who watched over them with as much solicitude as myself.

"At the different periods required for incubation, or very nearly so, the various young chickens were disengaged from their ova with the exception of *all* those which had more than two shocks given, several of the moorfowl eggs which had only one, and all the turkey eggs, which the hen could not be prevailed upon to remain with, after the remainder had been hatched; but my satisfac-

tion and my surprise were equal, when I found that on the remainder the effect of the electric fluid had so singularly acted as to extinguish their eye-sight! Three of the hen birds, and one of the young ducklings which had been illuminated by single shocks, had one of their eyes without sight, and the other in perfection. In all those who were totally deprived of sight, the pupil seemed to be destroyed, and in one or two the eye-lids were never raised. I may add, that the animals were weak and unhealthy, and that only a few of them survived the first month. I make no apology for troubling you with this account, as the facts are interesting, but certainly one is due for the very imperfect manner in which I have drawn it up. I am yours respectfully,

PHYSICUS.

"*Port-Glasgow, May 18, 1821.*"

An ingenious friend has put into our hands a sort of German Joe Miller, not superior certainly to that admirable indigenous performance, and with it we conclude this rambling article. It is the witty devices and "passes of pate" of the baron Kyan. We can only give a specimen or two, first premising from our author, Langbien, that

"Frederick William Kyan was born 1654, in the marquise of Brandenburg, and at the age of 17, he entered into the service of his native country as a common soldier. As such he fought in many bloody battles against the Swedes, particularly at the storming of the fortress Anclam, and at the protracted siege of Stettin. After carrying the musket full ten years, he was made a serjeant, and was soon afterwards raised to the rank of ensign. But in the year 1693 he got into a quarrel with one of his comrades, whom he wounded so dangerously in a duel, that he thought it prudent to hasten over the borders into Saxony. His antagonist recovered of his wound, and the fugitive might have gone back to his native land: he did not, however, think proper to return. He found in Saxony an old patron, field-marshal Schoening, by whose interest he immediately got a lieutenant's commission. That general had himself been formerly in the service of Brandenburg, and, at that time, had likewise patronized our Kyan. This had even been the

remote cause of the abovementioned duel; for it arose from the reproach—that Kyan had been Schoening's buffoon. In Saxony he rose with great rapidity through the intermediate ranks, and, at last, became a lieutenant-general. It was a saying of his: 'Had I not cut so deep in Brandenburg, I would not have risen so high in Saxony.'

"The plan he formed to get himself made governor of Koenigstein falls under the rubrick of his drolleries, and shall be afterwards laid before the reader. He used to call that fortress his wife, for he was never married; and, when he saw husbands ruled by their wives, he crowded over them and said—'In that I manage better, my friends—I command my spouse.'

"He was a handsome and athletic man: His deportment was, besides, so grave, that one would never have supposed him to be of so very sportive a humour. His droll conceits had made him a favourite with his prince: But his noble heart detested court intrigues, and every thing which had the least appearance of dishonesty. This he showed on numberless occasions, and, in particular, to a ways-and-means man, who had hatched some new project for increasing the revenue, and who begged Kyan to introduce him at court. After carefully examining this financier's plan, he found, indeed, that the treasury would profit by it, but that the whole country would sigh and mourn. When he found this to be the case, he immediately returned the papers to their owner, and said, 'Sir, I cannot possibly countenance this project of yours, for I am brewing one in my head which is diametrically opposite, and that is to advise our sovereign to commit to my charge, in the fortress of Koenigstein, all blood-suckers and projectors, that they may undergo the discipline of the place.' He died in 1733, at nearly the age of 80, in the arms of his huge stone and lime wife, and was buried in the town which lies at her feet."

Here is one of this wag's adventures. Are we to take it as a fair specimen of German drollery?

"Kyan and some of his brother-officers made an excursion one day to the country to visit a gentleman, who was so great a miser, that, though he was highly delighted with

the entertainments given him by his friends in town, he never once thought of inviting them, in his turn, to his house in the country. As they rode up unannounced to the castle-gate of this penurious knight, he quickly put out his head at the window when he heard the prancing of horses, but still more quickly did he draw it in again. The party observed that, and the more eager they were to get up stairs, which they mounted as rapidly as their large boots and spurs would allow them; but, before they reached the top, they were met by a servant, who said, 'He was extremely sorry to inform the gentlemen that his master was not at home.'—'How now,' asked Kyan, 'has your master more than one head?'—The servant, somewhat at a loss, smiled, and said, 'He knew only of one.'—'Or does he sometimes leave it at home when he goes out?'—The servant made a sort of a grin, and was silent.—'Well, one of the two it must be. We saw with our eyes a head which belongs to your master:—come along, comrades, let us examine this matter, and see how it is.'—Now, heedless of the scout sent to keep them back, they advanced with hasty steps to the master's room, which, in his anxious speed, he had forgotten to bolt. It was empty, but they heard a door go to, which led to another. Quick as thought, they are now in it; but again an apartment without a living soul, and again a door flung to. Up they go, and wish to get into the third apartment; but, this time, lock and key prevent them. 'Holloa!' they cried, and thundered at the door. No one stirred. They thundered once more, and listened. For a full quarter of an hour did they in this manner summon the fort to surrender, but all in vain, and at last they resolved on taking it by storm.

"A few vigorous kicks opened to their view a kind of storehouse or larder, in which they found a great variety of slain animals, but not a vestige of a human being, dead or alive. Among the corpses suspended from the wall, a swine lately killed made a prominent figure, and was hanging with the back turned towards them. They greatly admired its extraordinary size, looked at it on every side, and at last, to

their amazement, discovered in its belly the man they were in search of.

"He broke out into rage and abuse as they, amidst peals of laughter, dragged him out of his greasy lurking place. 'God defend us,' said he, among a hundred other things, 'God defend us from you soldiers! you spare neither old nor young.'—'Yes, my worthy friend,' said Kyan, 'you have good reason to say so, for you now know, by your own experience, that we spare not even the child in the mother's womb.'"

The last story in the collection is, perhaps, the best.

"It was mentioned before, that Baron Kyan was commandant of the fortress Koenigstein, and he obtained that lucrative and honourable post by one of his humorous extravagancies. An account of this shall make the last specimen, for the present, of his eccentricity. That place became vacant in the year 1715, and there appeared for it a great many candidates. Kyan, who was one of them, had, from good authority, the strongest reasons to hope that it would be conferred upon him. But when, after some considerable time, he saw the appointment still undecided, he began to apprehend that, in the end some other might get the start of him. He therefore thought of means to hasten the decision of the prince.

"One day he sat silent and demure at the king's table, who remarked his low spirits, and wished to know the cause. The baron's answer was, 'That the blue devil by which he was possessed, and which annoyed him so much, was an unsatisfied wish.' The courtiers, who were present, took hold of this expression, and now began to guess. One said, 'He would wish to live to the age of Methusalem.' Another, 'That he would fain be as rich as Cræsus.' A third, 'That Cupid had shot an arrow at his old heart.' In like manner, many others played off what wit they had, each in his own way. But Kyan shook his head at all that was said, and assured them, that they had, one and all of them, missed the mark. 'Well, what do you wish then?' asked the king. 'Have you, perhaps, a hankering after the crown and sceptre?' Your majesty is really a Solomon,' replied the sly rogue. 'It was, indeed, my wish to be king only for

three minutes.' 'That you shall be,' said the monarch; 'and I, in the meantime, shall be General Kyan.' The minute-king now rose from the table, took up a silver-ladle as his sceptre, seated himself in an arm-chair which stood against the wall, bristled up, and turning to the king, said, with the utmost gravity in his voice, and in his manner. 'Our trusty and well-beloved Kyan, after having duly considered your humble petition, we have graciously resolved to confer on you the place of commandant in the fortress of Koenigstein.' When he had uttered these words, he immediately quitted his throne, and laid down his sceptre; on which the king said, amidst abundance of laughter, 'Be it as you have said, you are commandant of Koenigstein;' and on the following day he was installed. This comic scene will remind those who are readers of Shakspeare, of the short reign of the pleasant Sir John, in the comedy of Henry IV," &c.

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Mr. O'Connor's long expected translation of the ancient Chronicles of Ullad, prefaced by an ample dissertation on the Phenician language, in which the chronicles are written, is about to be put to press. The earliest of these chronicles are anterior to the age of Moses, and give the history of the tribe of Iber, its migrations from Asia to Spain and Ireland, and the political events of the monarchy, from the year 2000 to 15 before Christ. A work of greater originality, curiosity, and we will add, of more unequivocal authenticity, was perhaps never submitted to the world. The MSS. from which Mr. O'Connor makes his translation, are about 700 years old, and will be exhibited in London, at the time the work is published, for the satisfaction of the curious.

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